daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be strucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canst not smile as the winde sits, thou't catch colde shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two of his daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vnckle; haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then

thou goest, learne more then t
throwest, leaue thy drinke and
and thou shalt haue more, then

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath
nothing for it; can you make

Lear. Why no boy, nothing

Foole. Prethee tell him, so m
he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Dost thou know the
ter foole, and a sweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That Lord that couns
Come place him heere by me,
The sweete and bitter foole w
The one in motley here, the o

Lear. Dost thou call me fool

Foole. Al thy other Titles th
borne with.

Kent. This is not altogethe

Foole. No faith, Lords and g
a monopolie out, they would
will not let me haue all foole
me an egge Nunckle, and ile g

Lear. What two crownes

Foole. Why after I haue cut
the meate, the two crownes o
crowne in the middle, and g
thy asse on thy back ore the d
crowne, when thou gaueſt th
my selfe in this, let him be wi
Fooles had nere lesse wit in a
For wise men are growne fop
They know not how their wi
Their manners are so apish

Lear. When were you wo

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